Then She Said "Yes."

She—Before I give you my answer I must know more about you. Are you aiming at anything worth while?

He—You seem to have a very poor opinion of yourself.

Misunderstood.

"Are you a plain cook?"

"I suppose I could be purtier, mum."

Some men are regular in their habits—but their habits are fierce.

Many a man who seeks fame finds nothing but infamy.

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

—8—

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Bolt, his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep off a tract of stumpage he claims title to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden sets up a cabin on the East Belt and warns trespassers off. Sandry can find no written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. He decides to get out his contract first and fight for the stumpage afterward. Poppy scents trickery and flirts with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and Siletz ride to the seashore and Siletz sees the ocean for the first time. Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Siwashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commissioner.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Why—why," stammered Siletz. "I hardly know. Yet—there is something."

She fell silent a moment, standing beside him.

"The winds of God are heavy on my soul, Sandry," she said at last, earnestly, "and they tell me that you are sad. What can I do—oh, what can I do to help?"

There was in her voice the simple cry of a sympathy so intense that it was anguish, and Sandry's lips tightened in the darkness.

For a heady moment he could scarce resist the bidding of the lawless thrill that she was ever capable of sending through him, to take her into his arms as he had done that day when she beheld the sea. But a tardy thought of Miss Ordway shut his hands upon themselves and steadied his voice.

He put his hands upon her shoulders and turned her round.

"Go back to Ma Daily, child," he said, but his voice had fallen to a whisper, a whisper that was a caress laden as heavily with wistful sadness as a whisper might be, "and don't fret I am all right."

Without a word, obedient to him as the primal woman ever is to man, Siletz went away in the night toward the cook-shack.

As she passed up the path she almost brushed the garments of Poppy Ordway, standing in rigid silence, her hands shut in the folds of her gown, her rose lips ashen, her eyes strained wide.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" the woman was thinking in a rage of passion. "Why didn't I suspect? She is something to him—she has her charm. There is danger in her to me—oh Sandry, you stupid, simple heart!" For Poppy Ordway had heard the caress of that lowered voice. The new passion in her took fright, and a furious, choking rage sent the blood hot upon her heart.

The next morning he found upon his window-ledge a handful of fern and a spray of tiny, yellow, waxlike flowers that were beginning to show where the little streams tore down the mountains, lining their rocky beds. He took them in and put them away in a drawer among his papers, silent voice of a sympathy that was as delicate as it was strong.

That morning when Poppy Ordway encountered Siletz the bright smile she gave her covered a sudden hatred that had sprung, full grown, from a man's low whisper; and the bad times that followed for the girl had their inception then.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Big Raft.

On the fourteenth of March the wheezy tug pulled the great, brown cigar-shaped monster that meant so much to Sandry and the fortunes of the Dillingworth from its moorings out to the narrow, deep neck of the bay that would take it to the sea. Sandry for the first time in his life felt the slow, sliding motion as the great oval floor responded to the screeching tug and the ebb tide.

On board with Sandry were Daily and eight Indians, all armed and waiting for anything that might develop. But Hampden had no notion of meeting John Daily in his present mood and it seemed as if all was to go smoothly. As the raft drew majestically abreast of the mill at Toledo the Yellow Pines owner was conspicuous on the dock, though he did not appear to see anything beyond the pile of raw, bright lumber he was marking. His florid face wore a sardonic grin.

"John," said Sandry, "it's a wonder Hampden didn't do something surer to hinder us—jam the bay with logs or tie us up some way."

"Might, only I've had Jonn Tooter-pole an' Klamath Sam walkin' th' shores fer five days—an' they're the two worst Siwashes on th' reservation Hampden knows they're workin' fer S'letz, an' that when I said shoot or cut they'd shoot or cut—ef it took four years an' a dark night to do it."

That first day drifted by very swiftly, soft and sunny between showers, and by four o'clock the ebb of the tide, grown slower and slower, had ceased altogether. Daily and the rest tied up the raft, head and tail on both sides, using heavy steel ropes and chains, to which they gave plenty of slack. They cooked supper ashore and Sandry thought he had never tasted better fare. Afterward they lay about the fire all together, smoking, and only the silence of the Siletz marked the line of color. Triumph filled the heart of the young financier and his last drowsy thoughts were of the steamer that was even now plowing down from Portland to meet them, the huge check that would follow his delivery of the logs—how he would lift a certain mortgage of the load that hung upon the Dillingworth, its greatest menace in point of time.

He waked to see the heavy chains drawn taut, to hear the mass of timbers creaking and grumbling as it strained upstream, and knew that the tide was in. The Siwash cook waked the men by moonlight for breakfast. They must be ready to take advantage of the first motion toward the sea.

The casting loose, the slow start, the moving of the night shores—Sandry wished Miss Ordway might see it—it might be a bit of local color in the mysterious book she was writing in the little south room. His mind went over that little room. He saw the stand with the ancient Bible. He shuddered a bit with the night chill as he saw again the words, "Oh, Absalom! My son, my son!"

Those were the last words that the mind of the Easterner were to know for many days. The nose of the raft where he was standing suddenly rose under him like a thing of life. The night opened, flame shot upward from the dark waters, immeasurable sound smote his eardrums to silence, pain that was unendurable stretched and tore his limbs. He sailed away into night and the world was not.

When the thing was over John Daily picked himself up from where he had been blown clear of the raft and the water, landing in a tangle of blueberry vines, and screamed a curse at the serene heavens.

"Oh, God damn his soul to hell!" he cried, half after the manner of a prayer; "he's blowed her up at last!"

In the awful silence that fell in the first moments there set up a great groaning of the timbers. The wrecked and opened prow of the raft slewed to the right, jammed into the shore, and was holding the rest, while the strong tide urged it hard upon itself.

Above it Daily lifted his voice and called his Indians, and there was anguish in his heart.

"Koottah! Snamishta! Memmiloo!"

From here and there voices answered, some far, some near, and presently figures crept fearfully into the moonlight from the matted ferns, gathering about the foreman.

Here one dragged an injured ankle, another stanched the blood from a

"Go Back to Ma Daily, Child."

ragged scalp with his hands, and there one wavered drunkenly from the fall he had got, but all eight accounted for themselves.

"Boys," said Daily tensely, "all who can swim get into the water quick! Sandry was standin' alone at her nose. It's a hundred to one he's done for!"

No one asked a question, the Indians accepting with their pathetic fatalism this disaster which would have set the tongues of white men flying.

Silently the five who were unharmed except for bruises slipped into the heavily running tidewater and disappeared amid the flotsam and jetsam of the long bay which traveled always aimlessly back and forth.

The groaning of the raft grew in volume for a few minutes, then subsided as it locked and settled. Daily on the shore began threshing the ferns, filling the night with his stentorian voice as he called upon Sandry's name. From time to time he listened. Then he lighted a torch and widened his circle, peering into every covert of fern, behind every log, and even searching the branches of the trees. He had seen the pines bear ghastly fruit a time or two when a blast of giant powder had gone wrong.

After a long time he straightened and his muddy face was blanched.

"Done for!" he said aloud to the dusk of the forest, bitterly. "Down an' done for—an' him so damned good for an Easterner!"

But even as he spoke a cry sounded from the water far ahead—another answered, another and another, as the Siletz drew in to each other somewhere out in the dim moonwash, and he knew they had found him.

So they had—a limp body lying bent back across a floating log, the pearl buttons on its breast shining and its hair dabbling in the water. They pushed the log with its burden in to shore and big John Daily, wading out, picked up his employer as a mother lifts a child, carried him back up the bank and bent to listen for life in the still breast. It was there. The timberman ran a great hand, experienced and gentle, over the sprawling arms.

"Busted!" he said bitterly, "legs too! He's crumpled like a broken tule! If I don't take this out of Hampden, I hope I'll burn in hell!"

He gathered the scattered blankets from bush and tree branch and laid the Easterner upon them. Then this simple son of the big country went off by himself into the shadows to think. What should he do?

Here was his employer, this Easterner who was going through the ordeal by fire to win his right to live and fight in the wild land, and he was all but worsted, down and out. His life was not worth a copper—that coin of which the large West takes no notice—and far on the shores of the other ocean was that old father of whom he had told Daily in the quiet talks at night. It would take quick work to get Sandry to a doctor and word should be sent East at once.

On the other hand, if Sandry should live and the contract had been lost his fight would be over. Those mortgages of which he had spoken vaguely would be foreclosed and the Dillingworth would become a thing of the past, the East Belt go by the board and Hampden would be supreme in the hills.

"No, by heaven, he'd want her to go through dead or alive, an' I'll see her there!" was Daily's ultimatum as he rose from the log in the pink flare of sunrise, and could he have known all that Sandry would lose with that contract and the Dillingworth his hatred of Hampden would have been deeper still, for Sandry was his friend.

He went back to the huddled Indians and the silent figure on its blankets.

"Memmiloo," he said decisively, "make quick a pole sling. You an' big Bill an' Multoowah an' Jim Pinetree will take Sandry back to camp. Go first to Toledo an' get Doc Hooker—have him do what he can there an' go along to camp. Tell him to stay with Sandry day an' night till I get back. Hurry now."

Without a word, the four Indians picked out by name set about their appointed task. In less time than a white man would take to begin they had laid clean saplings along blankets' edges, warped a short spreader at top and bottom to hold the poles the width of a man's shoulders apart, and the sling was ready.

"Now," said Daily grimly, "travel like hell, boys, but carry him soft, for he's broke like the ferns when a pine falls."

Tenderly they lifted the owner of the Dillingworth and laid him in the hollow of the blankets.

His foreman cast one look at him as the Indians swung away on the back trail and turned his face to the jammed raft. He studied the problem from all sides. Then he took his remaining Indians, for none of them were beyond work from their shaking-up, got off the mooring chains and snubbed the monster to the shore pines fore and aft. Then he calmly prepared to wait the turn of the tide. She would loose herself.

The damage at the prow was slight. The lift had come a moment too soon to hurt the big raft much. Several of the binding chains at the extreme head of her had been broken, loosening the ends of the logs which slid downward and apart, giving her the appearance of a ragged broom.

Snamishta, like all the coast Indians, was a good waterman. He offered to dive for the broken chains and Daily let him go. In three hours he had found all the ends, fastened to them hauling lines, which the others used to bring them up, the breakage was repaired, and Daily was ready to mend the broken nose as well as he could. He needed to circle the loosened logs with the chains again, and he went about it in a simple manner.

There was no getting under the raft from the front because of the jam against the shore, even if Snamishta could have managed the tide and endured the time under water. Therefore it must be done from the other end.

So Daily laid the chains across the spreading nose, attached a long towline to the shore ends and dropped them into the water. The line was then led to the stern, under the mooring chains, around and forward to the prow.

He then lay down for a needed rest until the sucking green water grew slower and slower and finally stopped altogether.

With the first insidious movement of the flood tide the groaning and creaking set up again throughout the giant, and the foreman was on his feet at once as she began, almost imperceptibly, to back out from the shore. The ends of the chains were hauled up slipped forward and fastened securely after the logs had been coaxed together as much as was possible with rope and peavey and cant hook.

"By jingo!" said Daily, "but that was a blast. The son-of-a-gun must have had a wagon-load o' sticks. An' it was a 'plant,' all right. Must've had some batt'ries an' a trigger wire. But he hain't smart enough to figger out such things. Twa'n't th' right slant, or she'd a bit us amidships an' opened us up proper—an' we'd a-gone to sea in pieces."

The hours of the flood tide were irksome to him, waiting, wondering how it fared with Sandry swinging be-

"No, by Heaven, He'd Want Her to Go Through."

tween the Indians, and thinking bitterly of Hampden, who was proving himself a dangerous enemy.

But he thought also of the steamer plowing down from Portland, which would stand in at Yaquina, and he knew he would be ready to turn over the raft in spite of all.

"Be a damn hard matter to tow by that head," he told himself; "guess we can drift her out an' turn her tail on."

Then he fell to wondering if Sandry would ever know of the big check, or if it would travel east with him to the old man in the wheeled chair on Riverside drive—mute evidence of the tenderfoot's first and last fight!

CHAPTER XVII.

A Hard Knock.

It was a sweet spring day, blue-arched and fitful-aired, with a riot of bird songs in the pines when the little cavalcade bore Walter Sandry up the vivid valley.

They took him up the slope and into the office and held him while Siletz flew to the house for many more blankets to pile high on the spring cot, and presently they laid him, a sadly broken thing, upon it. The color had drained from the dark face of the girl, and her hands, shut hard, hung tensely in the folds of her skirt as a silence fell with the easing of the man upon the bed.

"Doctor—" she said hoarsely; "doctor—" and could get no further.

The doctor had known her for the several years he had been in the country and he studied her face a moment before answering.

"Close call, S'letz," he said gently; "maybe he'll live—maybe not."

For a moment she swayed upon her feet, flinging her hands across her eyes, while her breath came in catching gasps.

"But God sits above the sea!" she cried at last, tragically. "Oh, Father, spare him, for he is an unbeliever!"

At this tense moment Poppy Ordway, who had been watching from the background with parted lips and kindling eyes, stepped forward.

"Doctor—Mrs. Daily," she said, "this terrible thing forces me to speak of something which I—and Walter also—had not intended to make known at present. I am Mr. Sandry's promised wife and as such I will take charge of him."

All her life had this woman taken chances, sharp chances, fraught with swift danger and trying to nerve and skill, but never had she done a harder thing than to face this little group of Westerners whose instinct matched her art.

They turned upon her in thunder-stricken silence—the doctor with a clean amaze, the Indians in stoical quiet, Ma Daily with an astonishment that was only the forerunner of antagonistic reaction. But of them all it was the face of Siletz, fallen upon her knees beside the cot, that shook the heart in her, chilled her bold spirit.

It lifted itself, panting, white and awful, its lips where the broken Sign stood plainly out, fallen apart and colorless. The dark eyes stared upon her with an uncomprehending horror that irritated her.

"I know something of nursing and we'll do out best—"

But here Siletz sprang up to her slim height and her voice smote the hushed room like the snapping of a taut wire.

"No!" she cried in anguished protest. "No! He kissed me and I am his woman!"

They faced each other across the unconscious form of the man, these two women from the ends of the earth, and war raised its banner between them. Unnoticed, the four Indians shifted gently until they stood, a background for the pallid girl in the rough western garb. Miss Ordway smiled, though a hard brilliance came into her face.

"Perhaps," she said. "He has kissed many. It is the way of the outside world."

She turned to the physician.

"When do you think he will recover consciousness?"

Her cool voice terminated the scene. She was mistress of the hour.

With both hands extended before her Siletz went blindly out into the sunlight. She stood a moment, her breath coming and going in great gasps, like that of a doe mortally wounded, and in her eyes was no light.

Like the wounded doe, she fled to the hills for sanctuary. Coosnah swung into his pace behind her, and presently, after an hour's climb, they reached the great fir stump on the crest of the ridge. Here the girl flung herself on her knees, gripping her braids in savage fingers, and for a wild space something within her that she had never known in all her life arose and shook her. She had gone back a thousand years. Blind rage was upon her—she wanted to fight as the prehistoric female fought for her mate.

So she knelt and rocked in the lust of fury while the little clouds sailed in an azure sky and the hill streams trickled to the valleys, and suddenly a bird in a high pine top dropped a string of notes, clear, silvery, sparkling, for all the world like the diamond notes of a flute and instantly she cowered under them, covering her eyes in instinctive guilt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RILEY HAD TO WRITE JINGLES

Former Schoo' Teacher Recalls Days When the Loved Poet Was Her Pupil.

"Jingles" and not regular studies occupied the school hours of James Whitcomb Riley, the noted Hoosier poet, according to Mrs. "Tibby" Ulrey, seventy-three years old, of Athens, Tenn., who is visiting with Mrs. S. A. Rice of Covington, Ky., the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune states.

"In the year 1860-61, when I taught in the subscription school at Greenfield, Ind., Riley was one of my pupils, and, although he was a good student, he never carried off the honors of his class.

"His chief delight was to hide behind some other pupil and compose 'jingles,' as he called them, and when caught in the act always explained that he had to write, as the verses were always going through his mind.

"Composition came natural to him and he would stop in the midst of a task to jot down some little verse. When he was about eighteen years old he ran away with a traveling medicine show and later painted signs on fences, but would stop work suddenly to sprawl out on the grass by the roadside and jingle."

Mrs. Ulrey attended the celebration in honor of the poet which was recently held in Indianapolis and she and her former pupil spent several hours together recalling the old schooldays.

Canada's Giant Trees.

The 225-foot long "spar" of Douglas fir, a gift from British Columbia, which is to be erected as a flagstaff in Kew Gardens, in England, is typical of hundreds of similar pieces of timber which grow in the forests of western Canada. The Kew Gardens flagstaff, which was taken down owing to its insecure condition in December, 1913, and which was 160 feet in length, also came from British Columbia and carried the flag in Kew Gardens for over half a century. It was presented to the gardens by the late Mr. E. Stamp and was brought to England by a sailing ship, via Cape Horn, in 1861. When it was decided to take it down two years ago it occupied a big staff of workmen over a fortnight in rigging up the necessary derricks and gear for lowering it to the ground.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wild Things a Pest in France.

The prohibition imposed by the French government upon hunting has caused wild animals and birds to multiply so rapidly during this summer that crops in the fields and in orchards and gardens in various forest regions have been ravaged. The menace has become so serious that the government authorities are now killing rabbits, hares, pheasants and other animals and birds which have fed upon the growing crops. The killing is done on specified days by those in the communes who have proper authorization. The huntsmen act collectively, no individual sportsman being allowed to go out for game. Guns are not used in the work except under the supervision of gendarmes, and then only when other means of disposing of the game, such as traps and ferrets, are not available. Wherever possible, the game is taken alive, and transferred to other parts of the country for restocking purposes.

Chance to Think.

"Miss Gadders talks so much and so fast that it is impossible to get in a word."

"Yes, but I find her conversation a great help to me at times," said Professor Diggers, who is compelled to leave his study occasionally to fulfill his social obligations.

"Impossible!"

"Nevertheless it is quite true. When she talks I'm able to concentrate my mind on matters that demand my undivided attention, whereas if I were in the society of a less voluble person I might, now and then, have to make some sort of reply."

Denied.

"That young man is the salt of the earth."

"Oh, no, he isn't; he's too fresh."

Only Part of the Obligation.

Patient—Doc, I owe you my life.

Doctor—Yes, and that isn't all.—Minnesota Minnehaha.

The Sort.

"What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?"

"Why, barks, of course."

The dancing master is always taking steps to raise money.